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Bill of Rights

We, the Legislative Branch of the U.S. family government, propose a bill

As was previously planned, the entire government was taking a holiday Oct. 13 (Fri.) But unfortunately one of our esteemed colleagues, Michael Hartley, has a severe ~~ill~~ ^{cold} ~~of~~ ~~Diabetes~~. Also, Deborah and I, the appointed secretary, stayed up late Oct. 12 because we so anticipated our journey.

Therefore we have cancelled all our meetings (Paul Revere, ^{Jr. High} ~~Alhades~~ ^{Elementary}) and leave it to you, the Judicial Branch of the ~~our~~ family government, to find any unconstitutional flaws in this bill.

Incidentally, since we are 3, and you are 2, I suggest you ~~to~~ rule in our favor, because when elections come up in Nov. we will vote you ~~out~~ out of office by a $\frac{2}{3}$ ^{majority} ~~vote~~. I have also enclosed \$500.00 to make you see it our way.

Secretary of Freedman family ^{Jr.}
J. Freedman

The French Revolution

The King and Queen couldn't be blamed, just because they were the rulers of France didn't mean that they had to take an interest in the livelihood of their people. True, amusement parks and its like flourished, but the famished citizens of France unfortunately couldn't eat amusement parks.

~~And~~ When Marie Antoinette said "If they don't have bread let them eat cake," she certainly meant it for the benefit of her people. But if she had reflected for a moment she could have seen what the least intelligent citizen saw all too vividly. And that is that people who cannot buy bread cannot buy cake.

Eventually the people revolted, and while they said that they would never be put ~~under~~ ^{subjugated} to the tyranny of another ~~to~~ ruler, actually Madame Guillotine became their mistress.

First the mobs went to her. Finally, at the end of Robespierre's savage rule, even the people

for whom the revolution was fought
met a bloody end there, including
Citizen Dultolive

~~Moral: Revolt if you~~
Some friendly advise: Revolt
if you want to lose your head.
Don't revolt if you can eat
amusement parks.

✓x

Jo Friedman

I n the Words of a Cu

I was down to my last
fin; in fact, I was chicaner.
I left my pippers but as I
did so the cops spotted me.
I copped a heel because I
was lamster. I thought it
was mills lock to get away,
but I was caught so I had
to fit the mitt. He wouldn't
fix so I had to give him
the cackle-bladder with my
cannon.

I was down to my last
five dollars; in fact I was
broke. I left my house, but
as I did so, the cops spotted
me. I ran away because
I was wanted by the police. I
thought; it was a sure thing
to get away, but I was caught
so I had to brube the policeman.
He wouldn't take the brube
so I shot him with my
pistol.

Johanna Freedman
A8 English) Per. VII
April 10, 1962

For Last, Last Relief Drop One Megaton Bomb

People don't die of headaches. But they are uncomfortable. And people nowadays seem to be plagued with them more than ever.

What can be done to prevent headaches? The answer is simple, if drastic. We must destroy civilization.

Impossible, you say! But I have proof that this is the only way out.

Did you ever read a paper written by a caveman in which he complained of a headache? Did you ever have a tree tell you its head hurt? Do ducks advertise Anacin?

I should think this sufficient proof that civilization is the cause of headaches. Cavemen didn't have the high degree of civilization we have today; neither did they have headaches. Ducks and trees have no civilization and no headaches. But the modern man has both.

The solution is an easy one. We have the power to completely wipe out civilization... and headaches.

Carol's Car

This was the first time that Carol~~x~~ had ^{just} been driving alone. She~~x~~ had ~~got~~ a car for ~~gotten~~ her sixteenth birthday. Oh, it was a beauty. So very, very golden and warm-looking. She hated anyone to~~m~~ call it yellow. And even if it was four years old and didn't have automatic anything, still, It was her very own.

It was a perfect night for driving. The stars stood out in a shining array, against ~~the majesty of~~ a blue-black sky. The car ate up the miles. The only trouble was it washed down its meal with so much gasoline!

She felt as though she was gliding on ice. Oh, how lovely everything was! She looked idly at the cars around her. They were nice, but they couldn't match hers.

She saw~~x~~ a black car, hardly visible in the dark night, swerve sharply into her lane. SHE watched in horror as it bore down on her. Why it was going to smash her beautiful, ~~new~~ car. It jsut couldn't happen!

~~XXXXXXXX~~ ~~XX~~ But it did happen. Ten seconds later, Carol's golden car was burning up, the red flames dancing a death-dance around the vehicle.

Carol was lying on the hard road. She heard somebody say, "Her guts are dumped all over the highway. It looks like she'll die." And with one prolonged, bloody scream, Carol did.

for Freedman

Molly Dear

Dear Molly,

I have the most wonderful news. Mabel is finally popular. She has a date every night. Sometimes two orx three.

The sheriff came over last night and wanted to give me a ticket for double parking. But then he saw Mabel. After that, everything was all right. He proposed to her half an hour after he met her.

Even a millionaire fell for Mabel. He ~~used~~ ~~to~~ give her money and more money and more money. I guess he ~~was~~ trying to make up for the fact that he ~~was~~ eighty.

Every man on the ~~entire~~ block, not to mention the neighborhood and city, has proposed to Mabel. She is very happy. So ~~X~~ am I.

Yes, Mabel is a very useful daughter. I haven't had a ticket in six months. I've had four accidents, but somehow it always seemed to be the other guy's fault. M I have to tell Mabel to keep on good terms with the police force.

Goodbye, darling,
Bertha

P.S. Oh, Molly! I just had a terrible thought.

You don't suppose that Mabel is so popular because she goes around with out any clothes, do you?

Jo Freedman

✓
delicious

Letter

Dear Miss Kquetsie,

Since you are also preparing for your college curriculum, my counselor thought it feasible for me to write to you, so that we could compare the difficulties we encountered, and see if they were equivalent. (not quite!)

I realize that because you are a Saturnite, less emphasis is placed on academic courses. The prerequisite subjects deal mainly with the fulfillment of the flexibility of the muscles. I have reviewed sp previous verification of this.

I know that you have many great achievements at your school, and that your instructional counselor has made the recommendation that you have the eligibility to be one of the candidates for admission to physically enriched classes at the college of your choice.

While you are majoring in Push-ups, I am taking the college preparatory for Humanities. I hope to become a writer, just as you wish to be on the supervisory board of Physical Education.

I looked you up in the catalog of Saturnites and found that you fell into the highest percentile for Push-ups. Although many people have tried to major in Push-ups, I found that you have special authorization from the President of Saturnity, Saturn.

Whatever problems I may encounter, I doubt that you will run into many difficulties, and if you do your push-ups with slight modifications you should live to a ripe old age.

Sincerely,
Johanna Freedman

Off Shore Island

Margaret sat ^{on} a low divan. She waved her fan languidly.

"It's a fact, James," she murmured indulgently. "Ninety nine percent of this island is under water. That's what's so exciting about it. I persuaded father to take me here for that specific reason."

"Don't you think that the island might be engulfed one day by the sea?" inquired James, as he thought how the world would suffer if he, brave, resourceful, cunning, should die such a watery death.

"You have such ridiculous ideas, James. Nothing has ever happened, yet. I'm going to take a nap. This heat oppresses me terribly."

Margaret rose slowly, and walked into her bedroom. Then she sat down at her desk, and took out a ~~piece of~~ sheet of paper.

"Dear Dad," she began. "James and I are getting along fine here. I knew that if he and I were alone for some time he would get to love me well enough to marry me. This island is so peaceful. I think that ~~inxx fxx~~ another month I'll come home. (For my wedding, you know.)

Good luck with your business,

Margaret

P.S. I'd like a lace fringe on my wedding gown.

James walked unseeingly ~~on~~ on the shore of the beach. Traitorous words flowed from his mouth in a torrent.

"I'm almost ready. One more day of working and I'll be through. I've built the boat, and I can control the earthquake from ~~xxxxxx~~ off shore.

"Margaret, I hate you, ^I and loathe you! You're a coniving, jealous, middle aged fiend. You'd never have guessed how much I've detested you. Oh, I know why you brought me here. But I'll never marry you.

"You see, this island's not very large. By disturbing its balance, it would easily sink. One keg of dynamite will send this misbegotten, insane place to the depths of this ocean!"

James continued his pacing frantically. He knew that he had to act quickly. Suddenly he ~~spied~~ ^{saw} Margaret swimming sleepily in the warm water.

"Ah, Margaret," said James. "~~Today you may be swimming in that water but tomorrow you shall be at the bottom of it.~~"

Everything went as planned. It was 2:30 p.m. the next day. James ~~had~~ made the excuse that he wanted to go fishing. Now he was sitting in his panel filled boat, gingerly fingering the knobs.

Decisively, urgently, his index finger pressed a ~~xxx~~ black button. The island exploded into a thousand bits and then slowly sank into the welcoming water. ~~The sea had claimed its own.~~

^{amid} James ~~rowed powerfully away,~~ ^{past} amid ~~the~~ waving, restful palm trees, and the hot glare of the sun.

hoisted the mainsail, and under the power of the wind,
the boat began to move,

Is This A Circular World?

by Jo Freedman

^{three} It had been the most agonizing days of my life. I had known for a week and a half now that he was going to sail. He hadn't told me till then, because the queen was so indecisive, and forever changing her mind. But now it was set, and tomorrow he would sail.

I remember so clearly, so painfully distinctly ~~how~~ ^{that} Christopher was always fascinated with astronomers, philosophers, and other learned men. He would sit for hours, trance-like, listening to their daring ideas. And that, I suppose, is how ~~it came~~ this voyage came about.

We traveled from court to court, palace to palace, and the answer was always: "Madman! Would you expect us to believe that the earth is round? You are a fool! It is ridiculous to think that by going West you can reach the East."

But Isabella took a fancy to the idea. Or rather, she took a fancy to Christopher. She agreed, because wealth is always tempting, especially to a woman.

I ~~was~~ ^{was} frightened to think that his plan might fail. He had staked his life on it. But I had complete confidence in him, and I ~~will~~ put my faith in him.

Politically, Spain ~~is~~ ^{was} quite content. Portugal ~~is~~ ^{was} nervous, because she refused him, and now he ~~is~~ ^{was} going to try to prove his ~~point~~ ^{point} under the Spanish flag.

The next morning I rose early, and looked out of my window. Below me the sea rose menacingly. The sky was clouding and filled with bad omens. Even the faces of the peasants were marked in disbelief. I could see the three ships, bending in subjection with the force of the wind.

I hurriedly slipped into my clothes and ran down to the dock. Christopher was there, bellowing orders to the men, his face a portrait of anxiety. ^(A) ~~The sailors' faces had about them an air of~~ ~~abject terror.~~ It must have taken great quantities of money to induce them to attempt such a sail.

A ragged, unkept man rushed up to Christopher.

"I won't go with you. Nothing can make me!" he exclaimed in ~~terror~~ ^{FRIGHT}. Christopher tried to hush him, but by now all eyes were focused on this man.

"You sailors!" he shouted, looking madly about him. "You may think it very glorious to go looking for new routes, but I for one do not wish to sail off the tip of this world into the fiery Hell beneath. The old is better than the new, the ~~old~~ ^{wise} are wiser than the young. Listen to me, and do not place your lives in the impetuous hands of this impossible youth. Reconsider! Friends, it is not only your lives, but the welfare of your families! Take yourself from this fool's mission."

^(A) Worried looks ~~spread~~ ^{spread} over the sailors' uncouth faces. Suddenly a bold young fellow leaped upon the excited orator, and hurled him to the ground. Immediately a hand to hand combat ensued. Christopher, with the composure of a sensible human being, fired his pistol.

"Gentlemen," he cried nobly. "I ask but a moment of your time. You have volunteered for this assignment, and you have been well paid for it too. This shows disloyalty, and if we have it at the start of our perilous trip, what will happen when we, tired, discouraged, sick at heart, have not found the welcome sight of land? To go on this voyage you must have trust in ~~this~~ the matter I am proving. If you do not have faith in me, and in the world's roundness, kindly resign your position on these fine vessels."

A few men wandered sullenly away, but for the most part the crew remained intact.

Three hours later all was in readiness. The wind made the sails billow. The sailors were on board and Christopher, on the deck of his ship, looked the very picture of a masterful captain. I saw on his face an expression I had never seen before. It was one of hope, of terror, ~~xx~~ but most of all of confidence. Then I knew that he would find the Indies, and that that would be his life. I waved a lonesome farewell, but he did not return it, or even see it. His mind was filled with the splendid wealth of the Indies, and the marvellous fame of his exploit-to-be.

Slowly, unwillingly, the ships filed out the the dock. Soon they were lost from sight, enveloped in the grey of the sea.

Dogs

Once I heard a story. I heard it in a bar with dim lights and loud music. I heard it from an old man blearyeyed and drunk. I heard it when Harding was President and everybody danced and drank champagne. It was just a story.

I had two dogs, the old man~~x~~ told me. Two dogs, and one was white and the other was brown. But that doesn't matter. They were just two dogs. They got along; they weren't friends, but they got along. I fed them myself every day.

One day I found a stray. It was a Scotty I think, but now I'm not even sure. It was a long time ago. But still, it might~~x~~ have been a Scotty.

I fed the stray ~~too~~ and took him in. But ~~one~~ of the dogs, it ~~might~~ could have been the white one or it could have been the brown, I don't know, it's been too long, was jealous and envious. I guess it was because I was partial to the stray, but a man's only human and they were just dogs.

Little by little, every day, the white ~~one~~^{dog.} ate some of the stray's food. This wasn't because the white dog was hungry, it was just ^{PLAIN} jealous. I say the white one, but like I said, it could have been the white one or the brown one, I just don't know. But ~~just~~ to keep things clear, I'll say it was the white one that was jealous, ~~and ate the stray's food.~~

At first the other dog, the brown dog, didn't notice. I suppose it figured that the stray could take care of itself. But when the stray had puppies and the white dog killed them, that was something else.

^{came out on top} Mister, it was some fight. When it was over the brown dog emerged ~~victorious~~. But it was full of the taste of blood and it

killed the stray. And then I shot it. But they were just dogs.

During the war I thought of what that drunk old man in the bar had said. But then he had talked about dogs, and anyway, it was only a story.

The ~~Paint~~ Old Man

Sunday never used to hold any importance for me. I'm not religious, so I just sat around the entire day. It was on a Sunday that it happened though, so I suppose that I can't quite truthfully say that nothing ever occurred on a Sunday.

I remember that particular Sunday vividly. You see, I live across from a second hand art store. It's closed on Sunday~~s~~. The owner is a queer old chap. He stays in that damn shop all year round. In fact I believe he even has a little room in back of the store.

I never could figure out how this man earned anything, for he couldn't bear to part with any of his pictures. That is, I didn't figure it out till the Sunday before last.

Before I begin, I might as well tell you something about myself, so you may understand the interest I had in the art store. I work in the insurance business, and since I do you can imagine that I am insured from my life to my tie. I also do some sketching on the side. Art holds something for me. I don't know what, but if I wanted to get lyrical I would say that it's my food and drink.

Anyway, the Sunday before last had been extremely drab; no color. I was sitting at my window overlooking the art store, thinking what a conventional picture it would make, when I saw the owner. *Clay* It was his face that brought me down two flights of stairs. I had to get that face ~~down~~ on paper.

He didn't seem surprised when I rushed up to him. He didn't even pause ~~what he was doing~~ when I said, "This is ridiculous, but you know, sir, I have a feeling if I could only paint you that I would be famous for life! There's something in your face. A marvellous, colorful quality. Do you mind?" Even as I talked I began ~~to~~ setting up my easel. He studied me for a moment. Then he said, "I wasn't sure about you. But I am positive now. You

may paint me. But not here. The light is wrong." I followed him dumbly into his shop. It was lined with the usual art supplies. He walked on into the next room.

"My studio," he said.

I looked around. The room was cluttered with paintings. There was hardly room for me to set up my easel and paper.

For a while I just looked at that man. And then I knew. Red, that was it. I would begin with a vibrant red. Next, orange. His face was alive with tones.

I painted feverishly. The old man began talking. At first I didn't even bother to listen, but as my hand quieted, and my mind relaxed, I heard his voice come soothingly to me, influencing me.

"My dear young man, you don't realize how lucky you are. You had no idea that when you said that if you could paint me you would be famous for life that it was true! You will be famous for life and ever after!"

What was he, a madman? Well if he was I didn't care. It was almost worth it to be mad if you had a face like that. But as I listened I had the uncomfortable feeling that he wasn't mad, and that I was listening to the secret of the ages.

"You didn't happen to notice my studio, did you?" he rambled on. "Of course not, it's me you're concerned with. But when you're through you might take a look at these pictures. You would notice that they are all painted by the immortal, ~~artists~~, the artists that will go on living indefinitely in their pictures. You would also see that the pictures are all portraits of a man."

A rich color, I thought. Maybe purple. I had no control over my brush. Then, unaccountably I stopped.

My eyes traveled slowly from one painting to another. What he said was true. My sharp eyes detected the scrawled signature of ^{R.V.R.} Van ^{El} Gogh. ^{by record} ~~Vincent and the other~~ ~~Also most of the~~ impressionists. Painters, painters, thousands of them, here in this dinky room. What about a deep brown?

"Why do you think that these painters are so famous? Because ~~that was~~ the face ^{in each painting} of those men in those pictures is ME! I have been painted by every famous painter ever to exist.

"Why me? What ^{is} was it about my face that intrigued you? Everyone has a different idea. But I will tell you what it is..My face is LIFE!"

This was an insane dream! It was too impossible for an old man who ran a second hand art store to be the substance that made painters great. Yet even in my disbelief I found myself blurting out, "But these portraits don't resemble each other in the slightest!"

The old man smiled, his superbly designed face creased with amusement.

"Of course they don't look alike. My dear boy, that is because no two people have exactly the same outlook on life. Look at this Rembrandt. See how dark and sedate his colors. Compare it to that Cezanne in the corner, whose colors are light itself. Some make me morbid, others show me as carefree. But when they paint me they suddenly realize how truly to paint. And while it may not be my portrait they are famous for, it is ⁱⁿ my picture that they have found their unequalled technique."

I realized that I was finished, but I still sat ~~there~~ gazing at my picture. Could it be that I had done it? I, an amateur who couldn't distinguish a good painting from a bad. But yes, it was mine. ~~IX~~ And in it I had caught all the movement of our era. The old man spoke.

"You ~~are~~ have completed it. ^{Now} No go and paint."

I walked out the door with my picture clasped tightly to my breast. I took it to an art dealer, whom I once had tried to get to buy insurance from me.

~~xxxx~~ I had some fancy speech worked out about how this was ^{ca}practilly the first thing I'd ever done, and he would be doing me a big favor if he would exhibit it. But when he laid eyes on it he exclaimed, "A masterpiece! DO me the honor of letting me show it here!" I looked at him baffled. I suppose he took it for uncertainty, for he said beseechingly, "I'll even take out some insurance from your company!"

I don't know. Maybe the old man was right. Certainly my pictures were selling. Anyway, the old man had said, "Go and paint." And that's precisely what I did.

→ On the instant I decided
to go to Tahiti,

1

LEAP BEFORE YOU LOOK

I was off. It hadn't been as hard as I had thought. Mother had easily recognized the fact that I had to see Jean before the party tonight.

Only I wasn't going to Jean's. I was going down Bramble Gulch. Mother had forbidden me to, ever since last autumn when I had broken an arm and a leg climbing there. I knew that if I didn't make it today, I'd never climb Bramble Gulch again. I didn't want it said of me that I, Terry Cazants, had found a climb she couldn't brave.

Bramble Gulch was extremely long and wide. But it's worst feature was the disastrous network of branches, bushes, thorns, and other types of foliage which made footing treacherous.

To reach Bramble Gulch was not an easy matter. Three sides of the gulch reached the street. The bramble clung stubbornly to the sides, all the way up. I certainly didn't want to start my climb in that impassible foliage. I would start at the entrance.

I took a trail down to the Coast Highway. Fifty yards or so away was the beginning of the gulch.

~~To begin at the bottom of the gulch was impossible.~~ A murky, sluggish stream crawled along surrounded on both sides by trees which actually formed a solid wall.

~~So~~ I took a trail on one side of the gulch. All I had to do was walk. I began to sing at the top of my lungs, for company I suppose.

Finally I reached a small plateau. Above me was a dirt road. Obviously I couldn't take that. I was going to climb Bramble Gulch, not walk around it. Then I decided. I was about ~~1/2~~ one half through. I would go down ^{into} ~~to~~ the ^{impassible} bottom and see what it was like. All I could see from here was the tops of the trees.

The edge of the gulch sloped gantly down to what I supposed was the bottom. I began to run down, sing^{ing} the British Grenediers!

The trees seemed higher, harder to surmount. I realized this wasn't the bottom. I could here ~~see~~ the stream gurgling somewhere below me. I wasn't sure I was headed in the right direction either. If I could only find a clearing. I became vaguely uneasy. Troubled thoughts of mountain lions crowded my head with the worries of accidents and nightfall. I stopped purposelessly breaking branches. There was not a sound, but I knew the road was somewhere above me, and civilization at the end of this gulch.

I brought my foot up as high as my waist, in an effort to surpass the trees which confronted me. I crawled on my belly, inched my way along. It became harder every second. I remembered all the fictional stories about climbing I had ever heard. Invariably the phrase, "The path was two steps away, but she blindly stumbled on," occurs in every one. Continueing seemed impossible. I couldn't see above my head because of the solid strain of branches. "The path ^{was} ~~xxxxxx~~ two steps away--" the sentence returned to me. I worked my way back to a small opening I had seen before. I followed this route. The going was easier. Finally I reached a sewer pipe. Below me was a flowing stream, shaded with green trees. I had reached the bottom.

I jumped about four feet ~~x~~ down to the stream and landed in coarse sand. I bathed my hot face and took a drink. I didn't care if the water was polluted, ~~I had to have that drink.~~ I lay down in the sand. All was quite. Only a few lonesome birds cried out. I had the childish feeling that some one was going to grab me from behind.

I stood up. This would never do! I began walking, but I couldn't find a way out. The shrubs and trees seemed to block any path there might be. I shut my eyes and smashed into the obstacles which I was faced with.

For half an hour this continued. My face was ~~bleeding~~ ^{bleeding} as was the rest of me. I had a feeling that my venture wa hardly worldly. People were shopping and driving their cars, and playing ball, whereas I was trapped in a jungle ^{like} maze. I could hear ~~people~~ ^{ation} conversing above me. I almost called out. But this time I was on my own.

At last! I had reached the end of Bramble Gulch, Now I had but to climb up this end side.

Huge succulents as large as I clung to this side. I didn't know what careful meant. The plants felt ^{the} my desperate grasp of my hands, received a pummeling from my feet. I even bit my way through. My mouth was full of mud, and I ~~was sure all my teeth had fallen out.~~ ^{gummed with it.} The plants grew so thickly beneath me that I couldn't see or feel solid ground.

Then I found a trail. I wouldn't have called it a trail before I began this climb, but now almost anything resembles a trail. As I climbed I found a disreputable baby buggy. It had been thrown out! Civilization, here I come!

There it was. The most beautiful thing I think I have ever seen. A blue and white house. I just lay down. I was too tired to cry or do anything. I had climbed Bramble Gulch.

MIRABELLE

by

Johanna Freedman

Janie had come home. She thought it must have been instinct that ~~thought~~^{led} her to the old farm in Malibu. Mommie had told her just a few days ago what instinct was. But no -- Mommie couldn't have told her, Janie reflected. Because her Mommie was dead. Her beautiful, kind Mommie who wore three-inch heels and went to bed in a pink nightgown -- this Mommie was dead. Janie hugged her doll closer. The doll's name was Mirabelle, just like Janie's mother. Mirabelle didn't really look like Janie's mother though, because she was only cloth, but she had ~~an~~ a pink nightgown.

Janie had always been unhappy that her name was Jane Alice -- Jane for her father's mother and Alice because her father had liked it. She had always held it against her father because he had given her ~~her~~ two ugly, stupid names. She disliked him, she decided, even before the crash. Daddy had been driving. He must have been tipsy. He had most always been, that last year when he and Mommie had fought so much. If Mommie had been driving they would both still be alive. Mommie had been such a good driver.

The old house was run down, Janie thought, surveying the place. But then it always had been sort of ramshacklety. No one lived there anymore. But even so, the garden overgrown and weeds all over, it was better than the place they had sent her.

The day was very warm. Mommie always said days like this were sultry, thought Jane. There were no people for ~~an~~ miles around. Janie didn't mind because she didn't like people. No one could ever take the place of her Mommie.

Janie walked past the house and down the dirt road. It was full of weeds and stones, not nice like when she and her Mommie and Daddy had lived there. But still she liked it. It was full ~~XXXX~~ of the noises only heard in summer. Crickets made the funny sound that crickets always make. Birds chirped and serenaded each other. Janie liked birds. And there were those beetles that rattled and clicked. She always thought that they sounded like rattlers. Deadly, vicious rattlers. She remembered her mother telling her that they were dangerous.

Big, balck bees swarmed all over, diving into those yellow flowers and orange poppies to get the nectar!

There were just simply trillions of butterflies, Janie thought. Her mother had thought that butterflies were so pretty. Janie thought so too. The ones all white with orange tipped wings were the prettiest, but there were black and yellow ones, and yellow and white striped ones as well. Janie watched them circle ~~madly~~ like airplanes about to crash.

On an impulse Janie began chasing after them. Graceful, gloriously colored blobs, never resting for a second. ~~M~~ She remembered that she used to chase butterflies when she lived here before. She had never caught any, but they were so tempting. Settling on a rock, and just as she thought she had caught one, flying jeeringly away amidst a blaze of color.

Janie was out of breath. She sat down for a moment. How hot it was! But she was happy! Those nasty people would never find her again. She would live here, just like when Mommie and Daddy were alive.

Soon it grew uncomfortable, just sitting in the sun on a hard rock. Bugs kept crawling over her. There was an inviting patch of shade, right next to the house. "Let's go," said Janie, as she grabbed Mirabelle by one worn arm and trudged up the dirt ~~road~~ road. At last she reached the bit of shade.

And it was ~~here~~ ^{there} that Janie, sixty-two-year-old escaped ~~inmate~~ inmate from State Mental Hospital, lay down, clutching Mirabelle to her breast, and fell asleep.

①

of the Violin

Martha rested her hands lightly on the violin strings. How beautiful it was! And it was all hers. Every vibrant sound that came out of it belonged to her. She ~~plucked~~ ran the bow gently across the strings. Her brother ~~said it had~~ said that it sounded like magic. Well, he was wrong. It wasn't magic, it was music.

"Have you finished practicing, Martha?" Her mother's voice floated down ~~gently~~ from the second story. "If you have, would you please go to the store and buy two loaves of bread, and a gallon of milk?"

"All right, Mother," answered Martha. Yes, she was through. She wouldn't feel the violin under her chin for at least ten hours.

As she walked out the door, she reflected that her violin was more than just an instrument. It was her life. She had nothing else. She was not very intelligent. Uncle Peter used to call her dull witted. She wasn't even pretty. It was Uncle Peter again who had dubbed her 'queer.' Martha couldn't say that she wasn't. She was too flat one place, and too fat in another. She was tall and awkward for her age. Her mother used to defend her against Uncle Peter's sharp, stinging humour by saying that by the time she was sixteen she would probably be much improved. ^{Sixteen had seemed a long way off} But now she was sixteen and ~~even more atrocious~~ ^{PLAINER} than ever, if that were possible.

^{She felt} her family ^{was} had been almost ashamed to have her around the house. She didn't have ~~any~~ friends because ~~even~~ when a few girls made advances toward her, she recoiled, and hid.

~~But~~ then it had happened. Martha had gone to a ^{school} ~~school~~ concert. Usually she didn't ^{MOTHER} ~~even~~ listen, but this time her mother had insisted. A violinist from New York was touring. He had stopped at their ^{town} ~~town~~ overnight, and then, ^{THROUGH} from misfortune as he had said, and ^{THROUGH} from Providence as Martha ~~had~~ said later, got snowed in. As he hoped to be playing the next day in Los Angeles, he decided to limber up by giving a free concert at the ^{SCHOOL} ~~school~~ auditorium.

That was how Martha ~~had~~ heard a violin. She had begged her mother for lessons. ~~And finally, out of sheer desperation, her mother had consented, though, as she had said to Uncle Peter she couldn't possibly for the life of her see how Martha was going to do any better on the violin that at anything else.~~

~~But~~ Everything had gone very smoothly till Martha's father had died. And while Martha ~~x~~ cried copiously at the funeral, she ~~wasn't~~ crying for her father so much as for the thought of losing her precious violin.

When they had returned home, her mother had told her that she couldn't possibly continue her lessons. Martha had resolved to run away. She didn't see how that would help, but she couldn't stay in the house any longer without her violin.

The next morning her mother came into ~~XXXXXXXX~~ Martha's room. Martha had been startled and had not quite realized that her mother had inherited a handsome sum from father's insurance. ~~the~~. The only thing that she did understand was that she was to continue her lessons.

"Martha, is that you?" her mother called down from her bedroom. Martha started out of her reverie. She quickly checked the package she held in her hand. It wouldn't do to have been gone all this time and then have forgotten something. ~~Luckily she had remembered everything,~~

"Yes, it's me, Mom."

"Martha." Her mother appeared on the upper landing. "Martha, I have something to tell you. Your brother is going to begin violin lessons. Won't that be nice?"

For ~~one~~ a moment, Martha didn't register this information. And then it swept over her like an enormous tidal wave. She wouldn't be the only one in the house who brought forth breath-taking music from the violin. It wouldn't be hers any more. Daniel would be running a bow over the strings. Daniel would be playing the sacred violin. In her small town she was the only one besides her teacher who could play at all. And now Daniel would take that glory from her. Daniel, who was bright and handsome and strong. Daniel, to whom Uncle Peter's money would go. Daniel would play the violin.

"Martha, did you hear me?"

~~And then~~ ^{NIGHTMARE} Out of a ~~dream~~ Martha spoke.

"Yes, that will be nice."

for weeks Martha tried to wrap herself ~~up~~ in her playing and pretend that Daniel never played at all. To be sure, he practiced very irregularly, and Martha was hoping that he would drop it all together.

But one day Daniel burst in after his lesson.

"Martha, I got one of your pices. And after only two months. You didn't play it for ^{a year.} ~~four years.~~ Oh, chop!"

^{er} Suddenly, ruthlessly it dawned on ^{her} Martha. Maybe this was only one piece but soon there would be others. Daniel would be better in this as he was in everything else. And Daniel was two years her junior! In one ~~heartbreakin~~ ^{NS} torrent Martha realized ~~that she would never be famous or beautiful.~~ She would be nothing. It would always be Daniel.

Daniel would do everything she couldn't do, be everything she couldn't be. What was the use?

THAT EVENING

"Mother," Martha announced quietly, ~~hopelessly~~ "I'm going to stop my lessons."

THE END

The night slowly ^{Clarissa} (turned, ~~waved~~ ^{as}) into
early morning, ~~but~~ Clarissa
lay unmoving on her bed, thinking
about Death. She had lain
there since yesterday ^{morning} ~~afternoon~~
her thoughts becoming ^{increasingly} ~~more~~ and
~~more~~ frantic. She dwelled
mostly on the fact that
when she died there would
be no Clarissa - she would have
been obliterated ~~from the earth~~
with only a few people ^{ever having} recognized
her existence. It would be
the absolute, final end!
~~Clarissa~~ Clarissa let out a wail of
self-pity and buried her face
in her hands. It ^{just} couldn't

20
happen! She tore ^{at} out the
bedspread and sobbed.

After a while she felt a
~~strange~~ ~~strange~~ quiet fall over her.
Suddenly she knew what
she must do. She got out of
bed, ~~and~~ dried her eyes and
blew her nose. Then she sat
down at a battered desk and
commenced to write ^{with a scratchy} ^{mountain} pen

Dear Sir (she began)

Upon carefully considering the
matter which I shall presently
place before you, I have
drawn the conclusion that
you must accept my offer.

3
I have many qualifications.
I am ready, willing, and able to
comply ~~to~~ with my end of the
bargain I shall ^{soon} ~~place~~ ^{make you aware of} before you.
~~I will surrender myself to you~~
~~without question.~~ Any arrangements
that are necessary I will be glad
to see to. Now to explain
my idea —

On and on into the
afternoon she wrote. Finally
with a flourish she signed her
name, ~~and~~ ~~she~~ ~~then~~ I ^{then} proceeded
to search through a dulled
drawer til at last she came up
with a dirty, smudged envelope
on which she ~~carefully~~, or so
carefully, printed so that there

4. would be no mistake

MR. LUCIFER DEVIL
BRIMSTONE AVE.
HELL

He then placed two penny stamps in the right hand corner and went out to mail it.

THE END

THE WHITE RAT

Once a Chinese immigrant, by the name of Wong Eee, came to the state of California in search of a job. Finally he was hired to work in Tom's Laundermat.

A few weeks after his arrival, the laundermat began to get complaints. People said that little balls clung to their clothes.

The owner of the laundermat, because of the constant burden of law suits which angry customers filed against him, died. Wong Lee closed the laundermat, and went to live in Oregon, where he started work at another laundermat.

Now it was noticed by ^{some} many high ranking physicians, physchiatrists etc. that many people had suddenly become, well, queer. They couldn't point to any one peculiar happening but no one could deny that it was a bit odd to see people going around on all fours and making little squeaking noises.

Washington decided to do something about it. After all they couldn't have the Russians saying that American citizens behaved like rhodents. They called in Dr. Ronald E. Edgarson a famed scientist and amateur detective.

The following is a true copy of Dr. Edgarson's report.

Upon being called in to discover what was the cause of many peoples' strange behavior, I first visited Dr. Philip Doggermans' Home of the Mentally Disabled. This building was especially designed for people ^{who believed themselves to be} to be rhodents of some sort. After painstaking labor, I discovered that most of them had been customers at Tom's Laundermat, or friends of people who went there. The owner being dead, I made some calls on the employees.

One in particular, a certain Wong Lee, seemed suspicious. He had many of the characteristics of the inmates at Dr. Doggermans' institute. After a week of tireless questioning, Wong Lee said, "You want know why strange things happen? Come with me."

He led me into a small ~~rank~~ room. Overhead was a bright light, resembling the one surgeons use when they operate. My horror and amazement knew no bounds when he bent down his head and peeled off his scalp, exposing the bare bone!!! He looked up with a devilish smile. Then he took hold of a small black knob in the middle of his head. He pulled at it, enabling me to see the inside of his head. I saw a large, white, rat feeding on this pitiful humans' brain!

I learned later, after intense research, that Wong Lee in his demented state of mind, let this white rat out of his head every morning. It would crawl onto the clean clothes, and lay eggs on them. Unfortunately, the eggs (like iron to a magnet) would be drawn through the ear canal into any persons brain who happened to be wearing the contaminated clothes. The egg later developed into a rat. Because the rat affected the brain, the brain took on ~~some of the~~ characteristics of the rhodent, which explained ^{the} crawling on all fours and the squeaking.

But one part of this tale of terror remains unsolved. How did the white rat enter Wong Lees' brain in the first place?

THE WHITE RAT (continued)

Only the white rat knows. But on cold, windy nights, when all the lights in the house have gone dead, and you are all alone-- well, it will give you something to think about.

THERE WERE TWO

I was driving ~~home~~ after a laborious day at work to my home high in the mountains. The night was snowy, ~~yet even with it all was~~ ^{and so} still that I marvelled and felt strangely perturbed. I walked into my house and lit a gloomy fire. As I ~~walked~~ ^{went} up the stairs to the second landing, I saw it.

It was so hideously frightening that I dare not describe it for the horror with which it might ~~xxxxxxx~~ inspire you. As for myself, I shall see it till the end of my days and afterwards.

As I said, I glanced up and viewed this terrible monster. My mind would not react, and it was pure instinct which got me out of that house.

As my foot left the threshold the house crumbled about my feet. I stared dumbly at the ruins, as if I almost expected more to happen. Then I beheld a small innocent child walk out of the shattered remains of my house. I waited for it to say something, but when I looked at it again, it was gone.

While I do not actually remember being knocked out or fainting, I am definitely ^{so} sure that I must have, for I woke up in a roughly made bed in a stucco shack. The ~~be~~ monster and the child were sitting together at a table eating. Beauty and the Beast, I thought.

"He must die," said the child.

"Yes," murmured the beast, "That is true. And without cause I feel compassion for him."

"That is but natural," the child reassured him "You and man are so alike, inwardly if not outwardly, that it is correct for you to react in this manner. I, myself, am far above feeling."

"Yes," dully retorted the beast, "That is true."

A few minutes passed in deathly silence and then the child spoke.

"He is dead now."

"Yes," the beast answered, "that is true."

"Did you enjoy your nap, sir?" inquired my secretary.

"Yes," I replied, but I knew I was dead.

Folk Tales of YoreThe Man in the Moon

Long ago, when the cypress still talked to one another as we do today, there lived a man. This man was called Eitel, which means vain. And he was well named, for he was as vain as the bright shining moon. Eitel had a ring, and ~~with~~ with it he could have almost anything he wished for. He had bestowed upon himself fame, riches, healthy children, and a loving wife. But one thing he had long desired and could not have....the moon.

One night after a day of luxuriating in his fine palace, he twisted his ring ~~EXXXNE~~ ~~xx~~ crying out, "Genie, grant me the moon who dwells in the sky. I must have it before I die!" A flame burst forth from which rose a spirit of gigantic size. It boomed out, "The moon cannot be yours, ^{the'} it you much desire. I'll give you riches, fame, and wealth, but otherwise I'm not for hire. The moon can be with you, and you can be with her. But here the moon will never come, unfortunately sir."

Eitel lost no time, but said to the vision, "Take me ^{then} to the moon."

9 The spirit lifted Eitel ~~onto~~ the air. Soon he landed on the moon. He dropped Eitel and left laughing.

Eitel spent days of solitude and peace on the moon. But when he wanted to leave, he found that this was impossible. His ring was in his palace!

And at night we see his mournful face looking down upon ~~us~~ us fortunate humans who are not trapped in the moon like he.

write
out in
poetic
form

Folk Tales of Yore

The Child

Long years ago, when animals equaled and surpassed humans, there lived a bird. Her name was Schwalbe, which means swallow. And she was well named, for she was such!

But everyone ~~often~~ wondered why she was not human, for she had the simplicity and innocence of a child. She spoke with children and attempted to join in their games.

She longed to be a human child, and soon grew selfish and hardhearted, longing for something which she could not have.

At long last, she went to old Hexs, a witch. Schwalbe spoke imploringly to her: "Long have I desired to look as a human, for I ~~am~~ ~~am~~ ~~am~~ said to be more human than bird. Can you grant me this wish?" The witch smiled cunningly and replied: "I have it in my power to grant you this. But you soon will regret it." The happy bird heeded not this warning, and accordingly she was changed into a human.

She awoke to find herself in a strange land. But she was joyous. Schwalbe was human!

She became hungry, however, and wandered about, looking for food. No one would admit her into their houses. She grew cold but there was no nest to fly to. Now she deeply regretted the scorn with which she had listened to the witch.

With desperation she cried, "Is human life so terrible?" And the animals looked at her and shook their heads saying among themselves, "Poor child. She does not appreciate her luck in being a human."

Folk Tales of YoreTheir Wall

Many many years ago there was once a land so plentiful that the people never lacked. And soon they grew lazy, and to amuse themselves they built a wall around the forest, saying that on the other side dwelt, demons, fauns, spirits, and monsters.

One little boy, Peter, was very curious. Early one morning before anyone was up he crept through a hole in the fence. Then he was frightened and wanted to return, but for the fact that he could not find his way.

Suddenly from behind a tree was a rustling. But instead of the monster that Peter expected to appear, he saw a lithe fairy. The trees instantaneously were ablaze with thousands of sparkling fairies and elves.

Then a beautiful lady approached Peter.

"Peter" she said, "I will not hurt you. This land is a thousandfold richer than the land you left behind you. Bring your people here. They will be welcome."

So Peter went back to his village and told the people what he had seen. But the people would not believe him, and after hopeless attempts of persuasion, Peter went to live behind the fence alone.

Many years passed, ~~and~~ ^{* see back} ~~and a sea monster came out of the ocean, and began to devour the village.~~ So Peter went to the fairy queen and asked her to save his people. Because Peter was ~~so~~ good and manly, the queen consented and brought the people to Peter's home.

~~Peter tried to tell them that this was what was beyond the~~

because the people refused to plow
other land out of fear, illness came to
the land and famine struck. Because
of their ignorance, Peter's people
were quickly vanishing from the face
of the earth. A

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he had seen. But the people would not believe him, and after
hopeless attempts of persuasion, Peter went to live behind the
fence alone.

Many years passed, and one day a queen came out of the
ocean, and began to devour the village. So Peter went to the
fairy queen and asked her to save his people. Because Peter was
so good and manly, the queen consented and brought the people to
Peter's home.

Peter tried to tell them that this was what was beyond the

~~... wall, but the people told him that he was dreaming.~~

In the course of years, the people built another wall around the forests, and said that horrible creatures dwelt there. But Peter investigated and found there to be a colony of highly mentally developed animals. And this land was a thousandfold richer than the land from which he came.

Peter told his fellow citizens how much richer the soil was beyond the fence. "The ~~seacoast~~ ^{meadows are} is wide and spacious, the soil is fertile, there is much lumber," he said. But the people called him a liar, so he went alone to live on the other side of the wall.

The years flew by, and another ~~seaserpent~~ ^{see back}, more terrible than the last, arose and began gobbling up the village. Peter implored the king of the animals to save his people. Peter was a favorite in the animal king's court, so the king applied some white magic to the situation, and the people were once again saved. ^{and brought to} But they ^{the animal world} refused to believe that this wonderful land was what lay beyond the wall.

The people soon built another wall, which loomed bigger and more foreboding than the others. But Peter, undaunted, went to the other side to see what ~~xxxxx~~ dwelt there.

Thunderous footsteps approached and Peter thought, "For once the ~~xxxxxx~~ people are right. It is time for me to go to my Maker." And he knelt down and began to pray.

An enormous giant lifted him into the air.

"How you tremble," laughed the giant. "But do not be afraid. I am a friendly giant, and will not harm your people if they desire to live here. I live high upon a mountain, where I could not possibly create a disturbance."

So Peter at length, went back to his people and told them what

the sea invaded the land, having it
settled and ruined.

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I am a friendly giant, and will not harm your people if they desire
to live here. I live high upon a mountain, where I could not
possibly create a disturbance."
So Peter at length, went back to his people and told them what

the giant had related to him. Fright bubbled up into the people's eyes, and they shouted, "There are no good giants!" And they drove him out of the village forever, saying, "~~Don't ever darken this town again!~~" Peter fled and lived with the giant.

But after the passing of twelve years a ~~terrible monster came~~ ^{\$} out of the sea and ~~started~~ ^{ed} destroying the village. Peter pleaded with the giant to save his people. ~~But~~ The giant shook his head saying sadly, "It was their wall. They had to keep ^{building} it."

\$ Drought struck 3

A LEGEND

The Yakabu Mountains

I had found none willing to take me to Mon-Sai, the deep and fearful regions of the Yakabu Mountains, until I discovered the dark captain of the junk Natas. And it was this dark captain with wary crew and hidden dreams that agreed to my request.

On a sultry month the Natas put up full sail and began down the River of Sen. The jungle loomed up and swamp devils jeered us through the leaves. And the solemn crew said nothing, but looked at the muddy waters.

At night a misted heat settled over the weary river, so tired of carrying sampans and junks. But the sailors sent up no prayers. And nothing breathed in the heat.

The shadowed mountains, ever the background of junks and jinap, moved closer. The Yakabu Mountains. The mountains of gods, but never mortal men. Of unworldly creatures, but not rice paddies and oxen. Of lost souls and wandering hearts, forever excluding hearty farmers and stolid ploughmen. And it was this destination, toward which the Natas steadily sailed.

Through yellow fields and great princely cities the junk of the dark captain went. But never once did she stop. The silent crew kept their silence and we passed the city of Day. And in this city none slept but all made merry. For if but one soul stopped, Day would fall from the minds of men and all would be dark and disillusion.

The dark captain navigated till we passed the city of Night, and here all slept, even the streets and the buildings. And if but one creature woke and sought to rejoice, men would never cease senseless celebration. So we dared not breathe passing this city.

We sailed through the cities of
Happiness, of Sorrow, that make
men men, and give us souls.
The cities of Victory, of Defeat,
of Love, and Pain. And always
we sailed. And I wondered
that I, a fragmentary passenger
on the junk Nataru, should witness
these sights.

Finally we reached the city
of Life. And all were living,
living forever. Living joyously,
vibrantly. And in awe of something
we did not understand we
kept still and moved on.

At the gates of the Yakabu Mountains
the city of Death resided. Here all
was putrid and decayed. Death, the
finale, the climax!

But as we entered the Yakabu
region, of spirits and hearts, the
boat and its crew and yes! its
dark captain seemed to fade away.
And I realized that the Nature
was no other than the Boat of
souls, carrying its unworldly cargo
to an unworldly abode. And I
myself was no more than
a shade.

Jo Freedman

FROM THE COUCH

A playlet² in one act

(The scene takes place on a psychiatrist's couch)

DOCTOR

PSYCHIATRIST: All right, Mr. Brown, now just lie back and make yourself comfortable. My nurse told me you made an emergency appointment because something was disturbing you. You may confide in me. What is your trouble?

BROWN: Doctor, I have a problem. Something awful happened today. I was in an accident!

PSYCHIATRIST: And your nerves are rattled. I'll give you something.

BROWN: No, that's not it at all. I just don't know how to tell you.

PSYCHIATRIST: You must trust me. I'm ~~only~~ here to help you.

BROWN: That's true. Well, this accident; I ran into a five year old boy and now he's dead.

PSYCHIATRIST: You killed him?

BROWN: Oh no, it was his fault. ~~Such a stupid little boy!~~ Walked right into the middle of the street. Didn't even watch where he was going. But I tried to stop. I'm not in the habit of running down little boys, Doctor.

~~PSYCHIATRIST:~~ Of course not, Mr. Brown.

2.

BROWN: So what could I do? I was in a hurry. My wife had badly burned her face and neck and I was rushing her to the hospital. But even then I didn't exceed the speed limit. I'm a careful man. More careful than most, in fact. I always stop for red lights, and slow down for school busses. ~~I've driven by schools when they're emptying out thousands of times and I've never hit anyone.~~ I have two kids of my own and they aren't afraid to drive with me. I'm a mild tempered man. I don't like to raise my voice or get excited. I always remain calm and clearheaded. People have faith in me! I was elected Big Eagle in the Boy Scouts Big Brave, Little Brave Banquet. I'm as good a member of my community as any! Better than some, I'd say!

~~PSYCHIATRIST:~~ Yes, yes, Mr. Brown. No need to get worked up about it. There's no reason to worry about this incident.

BROWN: Worry? What have I got to worry about? It was all ~~that the~~ ^{child's} ~~silly little boy's~~ fault! Am I to blame if his parents don't watch him? What was I supposed to do? My wife had to get to the hospital!

~~PSYCHIATRIST:~~ Ah, yes. I was wondering about that. How did your wife happen to get those burns on her face and neck?

BROWN: Oh, that. The ^{coffee} ~~soup~~ was too hot for me to eat this afternoon and I threw it at her!

(Closeup of psychiatrist's face)

THE END

AP Jamestown, Illinois

On the corner of 16th and Kenmore a hit-and-run driver struck and killed five-year old Jerry Randall. The parents of the child were on the scene at the time.

A passer-by, not identified, provided the authorities with the license number of the car, a light green 1954 Ford. When apprehended the driver claimed that he was driving his wife to the hospital for emergency treatment of burns about the face and neck. Investigation proved his statement.

The decision concerning this case will come to court April 27th of this year.

Pretend you are a writer interested in this case. Slant the report above from one of the following angles:

- 1) the parents of the child
- 2) the driver of the car
- 3) the wife of the driver
- 4) the bys-tander

Stranger in Town

~~by [unclear]~~

Hello. I know you don't know me. I'm a stranger in town. I just got here. By a train. May I sit down beside you? Thank you. It sure is cool here. It gets hot walking in the sun. I walked from the train stop. It's down by that store on - oh, I forget the name of the street. But I guess you know where it is. You live here, don't you? Have you lived here long? It's a pretty town. I can see as how you would like it. The houses are nice. Like little boxes or - or packages. Like ~~in~~ Christmas. I used to get packages ^{at} ~~on~~ Christmas. Not big ones. But the houses aren't big either. They're tied up all pretty though. And their colors are nice. I don't like these fancy new kind of houses, do you? But these are nice. So is the town. It's kind of peaceful, if you know what I mean. And unimportant. But don't get riled. It's nice like that. I used to live in a town. Like this. No, not like this. But I would've liked it like this. My town was ^{a city...} ~~dirty~~....That's a big tree over there. I wonder how long it has been growing there. Probably for ages. Think of all it has seen. You can tell....it was in a fire once. See that big burn on its side? But ~~it's~~ still here. Bet it was here before there ever was a town. Doesn't matter though. Somebody will cut it down. Somebody will cut down this whole place. And put a big shiny city here instead. Have you ever seen a city? Bet you haven't, living in this town. I have. They're dirty. There are big factories and black smoke comes out of them. ~~And white people go in but they come out black. They go in happy, but they come out mad.~~ There are cars. Not like the cars you have here. Here they're like bugs, sunning themselves down the street slow-like. But in a city there are millions of them. Running on roads that cross and recross and wind and turn till the whole world is just a bunch of roads with a bunch a bugs going and going, faster and faster! Sometimes I think you could take a bug killer (you know, like you see on T.V.) and spray the whole place. And there wouldn't be any more. But of course that's wrong. A city has lights too. Everywhere you

2.

look there are lights. Burning your soul away. You think I'm kidding. But you've never seen them. If you ever go to a city, don't look up. Because you'll see purple and red and green and yellow and pink and white all telling you to do something. To do something. | Have you ^{people in} seen a city? ~~with people?~~ They ~~always~~ rush in bunches. ~~Like an anthill.~~ You would think they would die if they stopped for just one moment. They never do, though. They ^{keep} ~~always go~~ running around. ~~They're crazy.~~ I hope there won't ever be a city here. Cause this is a nice town. I could go to sleep just looking at it. It sure is a pretty place. I never saw clouds like those. Like cotton. You know? And the sun, And the sky. I haven't seen blue like that before. I wear glasses. When I don't have them on, everything sort of fuzzes together. Just little blots of color. If I put on my glasses quick enough everything turns into a snapshot. A good one though. One where everything is clear and all still. Nothing moving. That's what your town looks like. All still. I like it. It's getting dark now. I better get going. It's been nice sitting here in your town. Cause it's a nice town. I sure would've liked to live here. Well....goodbye.

Four walls; a room. Two legs; a man. Yes, a man in a hueless room. Sitting on a three-legged stool. Looking out of a fastened window. Looking out at the moon and howling.

Mr. Benson Grieg, respectable businessman. Respected, but not liked. Admired, but not to be duplicated. An entrepreneur of the first order. A redoubtable man who lorded over a docile family. A right-minded man who possessed a membership to every club in the county. A stinker.

Too late to say whether it was desired to produce the effect it created. Too tardy, too dilatory to conjure up might be's and maybe's. To utter a word for or against the transpiration would be unpractical. *correct word?*

Two of Mr. Grieg's associates, Mr. Fielding and Lawrence George Mann; detesting the man, loathing the man. --- Inviting him to dinner. Passing the bread, proffering more salad. --- And plotting. Scheming a conclusion to this estimable personage.

So Mr. Fielding and Lawrence George Mann showed it to him. Detached him from the dinner table and led him to a back room. --- And took it out of the box.

Oh, accursed! Damnable, confounded, foul, odious, and heinous!
Oh, horrid, horrendous evil; ghastly grim and gruesomely macabre.
Oh, fearful monstrosity out of a box!

2.

Four panels; a chamber. Two limbs; a soul. Yes, a soul in a
toneless chamber. Gazing out of a padlocked casement. Gazing
out at a crescent and wailing.

X
X
X

The Art of Writing - a monologue

(We hear a voice speaking excitedly and fervently. The lights go on. We see Mr. Moss Ross, President of the company called How To Write In Eleven Easy Lessons, giving a speech in front of the Senate of the planet Pluto.)

Ross: Yes, yes, to you my fine Plutonians, I and my corporation give you, all and every one of you, the gift of writing.

Of course, you all know what writing is. I won't insult your intelligence by explaining its principle to you. Others have visited your illustrious planet and have told you, very completely, what writing is. But you have asked "What is writing good for?" The Earth people have sent me, president of the company How To Write In Eleven Easy Lessons, to inform you about the ^{art,} and I mean art, of writing.

All intelligent, cultured, educated, civilized people know how to write. Those who do not always learn immediately. Why?

Many people communicate with telepathy in these modern times. But telepathy can't match the beauty, grace, and skill which

- as soon as possible after?

Ross: (continued) writing represents ideas which often sound elementary in telepathy, can sound fluent and professional when written.

It is best to begin with writing before a race progresses to telepathy. That is how all other planets have gone about it.

People write to express ideas and treasure unspoken feelings. The written word is infinitely superior to telepathy because you cannot preserve a telepathic impulse.

Think of the joy you can ^{have} watching your darling little green and purple children forming those elegant letters. Imagine your pride when they have mastered the alphabet, your happiness at the writing of their first sentence!

"What," you might say, "can I offer as proof?" In his own words, the President of the United States of America, a main country in the world, said: "... writing... is an... aid to... people all over... the world. ... I recommend... that... writing... be instituted ... in ... every... planet which... we reach."

Wonderful Touch!

That will show you what our President, a great and powerful man, thinks of the art of writing. I have many other statements

Ross: (continued) Martian governor, Ant Plant, said "2x, wow pizta ä; bouwotol motol!" Of course you all understand Martian.

Picture yourself on a planet where telepathy has not been introduced. Think what would happen if somehow you lost all six of your orange tongues. Think of it! Alone and friendless, unable to communicate. Stranded on an unfamiliar planet, trying hopelessly to get in touch! (Ross blows his nose)

Then! Think of how writing would aid you! You could get help and understanding. You would be saved (he pauses dramatically) if you could write!

Writing is everything wonderful! It is grace and skill; ease and progress; beauty and superiority! Writing is for you, the Plutonians of Pluto! You will reap the benefits!

Of course, there are systems, galaxies, and planets which have dropped writing as old-fashioned and obsolete. I will not say how stupid, pigheaded, ridiculous, and unthinking this is! Writing will always aid you! Never forget, you will always have a friend in

Ross: (continued) the alphabet!

The End

THE WITCH OF THE CRANNY

I am the Witch of the Cranny. And I am dying. Dying millions of years before my time because of one, stupid, hopelessly innocent child. Yes, and just out of arms at that. She wandered right up to my alcazar, right past my wolves and bats and snakes. The disgrace of it all! To think that for years those beasts were trained to gobble up any living creature that crossed their paths. Oh, the disgrace of it! You would think that a little girl like that would be warned by her parents never to come near a castle of a witch. And you would think that the parents of this little girl would have, as most parents do, cautioned their child about talking to strangers, especially strange witches. But no...apparently this bantling had never heard any of this before. She got right up to my front doorstep before I could run out with a cackle to stop her. Stop her? Nothing could stop this enfant terrible. She sat down in my lap - in my lap, mind you! And began telling me of flowers - and trees - and green grass and blue sky! She began telling me of her dog and her doll and her mother and her father. All this to me, who has been a professional witch for nigh onto a billion years. And I call it base ingratitude. I, who have served you well for centuries, and your grandfathers, and your great-grandfathers, and their great-grandfathers! I, who have been here before man was invented - and that was one of the greatest ~~sole~~ ^{mistake} ~~circumstances~~ ever made - was betrayed by one of your dirty brats, who talked to me about babies and the goodness, yes! the goodness of the earth. Oh yes, from grown men I can take talk about flowers and blue sky and mothers and laugh in their faces. For a man, smeared with sin and vileness and treachery, familiar with deceit

2.

and cruelty, words like these are hypocrisy, a way to pass the time. But from an unblemished babe! Oh, then these words are fatal. I tried to work my spells and enchantments and my incantations and I couldn't even scare my black cat. Well, I am a broken witch. And a broken witch is a dead witch. So I am dying. And all because of some addlebrained tot who told a witch about flowers.

But even though I am dying, I am still the Witch of the Cranny, and ~~with~~ with my last dying breath, with my last expulsion of air, I curse you. And that is the privilege of a dying witch. So, although I cannot/wish this town at the bottom of a bog, as I am most desirous to do, even so I can curse you. And the curse of the Witch of the Cranny is no small matter. Especially her dying curse. Dying curses are hard to break, and mine are especially difficult. And to make it more complicated still, I shall not tell you the exact conditions of the curse. This is, perhaps, cheating just a little, but I am angered, and an angry, dying witch doesn't bother about following the rules of the game. Of course, you may have some inkling of what is to happen when some expectant mother brings forth into this world a monster so terrible that she kills it out of horror and shame. Or when a brother turns on his sister and strikes her dead. You may discover the potential of my disastrous curse when you begin to watch your neighbor not with love or hate, but with fear. For when he dies - aha - your turn will be next. Oh, village that was once my village - but now I am only a dying witch. Nevertheless, these misfortunes are not enough to curb my fury, to satisfy my lust for revenge. But the last part of my curse I shall not impart to

3.

you - but only leave ~~it~~ for you to dream about on dark nights, and fidget about every hour of the day. And from now until eternity and past eternity, every Tom, Dick and Harry of you, every mother with a suckling at her breast, every child as pure as the one who has killed me, yes - every one of these shall tremble in the hours of his life, and shake in his grave. For upon them has been laid the curse, the dying curse of the Witch of the Cranny, and her dying curse is no small matter.

CHANNEL EARTH

by Jo Gage (Johanna Freedman)

At first when the Martians tuned in their vi-fi televisions to the Earth everything looked the same. The wind still whistled through the trees, the flowers still bloomed, those odd things called buildings were still there.

But all at once a pretty, little Martian girl grabbed one of her mother's eight, purple arms and said out of her fifth mouth, "Why mother, there aren't any more children!"

The mother looked closely at the television with her one, white eye and gasped audibly saying, "Why darling, I believe you're right. There isn't a single animal or human on the face of the Earth!"

The mother lifted the telephone to the ear in the middle of her head and called the State Department.

"Oh yes," replied the Martian in the State Department in answer to the worried mother's question. "All the Earthlings were killed off by a neutron bomb which one of them stupidly exploded."

When the mother relayed this information to her daughter, the daughter impatiently flicked off the T.V. with the third hand on her first body that had nine fingers. After all, what was the good of watching television if she couldn't enjoy the antics of those funny looking Earth people?

Soon after the pretty Martian girl found out that there weren't any Earthlings, most Martians stopped watching channel Earth; it just wasn't the same.

Some for the Glories of This World; and some
Sigh for the Prophet's Paradise to come;
Ah, take the Cash, and let the Credit go,
Nor heed the rumble of a distant Drum!

From the Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam

CAST OF CHARACTERS (in order of appearance)

Joseph Stalin

His Secretary

Man

Woman

Guard

1.

ACT 1

Scene. - A small room in the Kremlin, Moscow. The date is March 5, 1953.

There are four walls. These four walls make a room. It is empty except for a stool and a four poster bed, U.L. A feeble, vague light is entering through the narrow window. A bright, flowered pattern covers the walls, but it clashes with the dismal atmosphere of the room.

There are seven flesh and blood creatures. Four of them are members of the Presidium of Russia. They are huddled in a corner, U.R. It is dark and we can't see them distinctly, but we hear the murmur of their voices sounding worried and frightened.

A doctor is standing by the window, U.C. His back is toward us. We see him looking at his watch every few minutes.

A male secretary is the only one who remains impassive. He sits quietly on his stool. He looks reverently at the seventh person, lying on the bed, waiting for him to speak.

And who is the seventh person? It is Joseph Stalin on the last day of his life.

STALIN

Is he dead? Has he been executed? Oh, the world must be cleansed of these fiends!

SECRETARY

Yes, Premier Stalin, Dr. Offenbaum has been disposed of.

STALIN

These crazy Jewish doctors are trying to kill me! They ~~all~~ hate me, ~~so~~ I must destroy them. (Appealing to his secretary) Isn't that so?

SECRETARY (soothingly)

Yes, of course it is. You are the greatest leader Russia has ever had. Whatever you do is right in the eyes of your people. You will be immortal.

STALIN (wonderingly)

Immortal?

STALIN (cont.)

(then excitedly) Yes! I shall be immortal. The world recognizes the magnitude of my greatness! I shall be listed with all the truly great^{ment} I shall ~~even~~ be placed next to the body of Lenin! The whole world will pay homage to my body, and they will remember me. Me, Joseph Stalin, the son of a poor shoemaker who earned little and drank much! Me, with my deformed foot and twisted arm! (He jumps into C. The doctor tries to restrain him) I am the greatest leader Russia has ever had! Every person will remember the reasons for my successful rule; that any method is justified if it ~~helps~~ achieves the desired end; that men must be discarded when no longer useful; that alliances are made to be broken; and that ideas have no existence unless chained to the chariot of power!* I shall be immortal! (He gasps and falls back on the bed. The doctor bends over him and shakes his head. Joseph Stalin has died)

3.

ACT II

Scene.- The place is Volgogradna (which used to be Stalingrad)
The date is 1970. Stalin has returned from the dead to visit
the place that was named after him.

STALIN (contentedly)

Ah! I have returned. I have returned to reap the glories that
followed my death. Stalingrad, you wonderful place! You bear
the name of Russia's most powerful leader. I shall journey
to Moscow now, on a train which bears my name. (He stops a man
on the street) Could you tell me how to get to Stalingrad
Station?

MAN

There is no such station. At least, not in Volgogradna.

STALIN

Where did you say?

MAN

Volgogradna, of course. Where did you think you were?

STALIN (puzzled and slightly frightened)

I ~~thought~~ thought I was-- Now look here, man, it's no use fooling
me. I ~~am~~ know perfectly well where I am. This is Stalingrad!

MAN

Stalingrad? I never heard of the place before. You must be a
stranger or else you would certainly recognize Volgogradna. This
is where we held off the Germans in World War II.

STALIN

Stalingrad is where we beat back the Nazis!

MAN

I don't have time to argue. I'm on my way to work. (Stalin
glares at the man)

4.

MAN (cont.)

If you don't believe me, just read that sign over there. It says Volgogradna plain as day! (Stalin looks with horror at the sign. The man walks off, muttering to himself)

STALIN

But this is Stalingrad! I could walk here blindfolded and in my sleep! This is Stalingrad! It is, it is! Oh my God, what is happening? (He rushes off in bewilderment)

5.

ACT III Scene 1

Scene.- A library in Moscow. The date is the same, but later the same day. STALIN is nervously looking at a reference book.

STALIN

Street, student, stupid, Stalin! (He looks closely) Vassily Stalin. My son. (He reads rapidly) Vassily Stalin was recently demoted ~~from~~ ~~EXI~~ from General to Major in the Russian army. His mother was Yekaterina Stalin, her maiden name being Svanidze. She died in 1905. (Stalin gazes anxiously at the paper) My God, didn't the boy have a father?

ACT III Scene 2

Scene.- Moscow, near the Kremlin. The time is the next day. A great line of people, extending for miles, is patiently waiting. We see Stalin also waiting, but not patiently. It is the crowd who have come to see Lenin's body.

STALIN

This waiting is making me nervous.

WOMAN (next to him)

But it will be worth it to see the ~~great~~ ^{the great} body of Lenin! (Stalin gives her an injured look) I come here almost every day to pay homage to the most perfect leader Russia has ever known. (as an ~~afterthought~~ afterthought) Except Premier Krushchev of course. (on her theme again) Lenin was truly the ideal leader. I feel it an honor just to look at his noble face. (Her voice breaks. People around her offer condolence and handkerchiefs, agreeing with her, AD LIB)

STALIN (in an undertone)

And I refused to ^{allow} ~~have~~ his wife let him be cremated!

6.

WOMAN (unhearing)

Sniff! Lenin deserved all this and more! I have five pictures of him in my bedroom alone. And they're expensive nowadays, too. If my little Vladimir, named after Lenin of course, resembles Lenin in the slightest, I shall never wish for anything else, except to have more boys that look like Lenin! Why, I worship the coffin in ~~which~~ which he lies! (Once again she breaks into tears and handkerchiefs. Comfort and agreement are circulated. The group is nearing the coffin. A hush falls over the crowd) Sniff! I feel as though I am too happy to live. Look at that powerful face, staring bravely at us. Oh, Lenin! (she faints and is carried away)

GUARD

It happens every day!

STALIN (~~he~~ looks with great agitation at Lenin. Then his eyes devour the room, seeking his own coffin. He turns slowly to the guard) But-but the other one. Where is the-the other one?

GUARD (callously)

What other one?

C U R T A I N

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~~Paradise~~ Paradise

~~THE STORY~~

89

Rem and I had been excavating for a while on a desolate planet before we found anything worth recording. Even when we did discover something, it took our most advanced machinery and mechanisms to penetrate the rubble and destroyed material on the surface of the planet. What we found indicated that there had ^{been} at a time long ^{past} ~~since~~ passed, ~~been~~ life on this dead ~~body~~. ^{SPHERE}

It pointed to a civilization with high ideals and cherished standards. It showed us a planet with ambitions and aspirations; a planet ruled justly and well. From our discovery stemmed a world of hope and freedom; ^a world that obviously had never been touched by the petty discriminations of our own planet; ^a globe that allowed liberties in governments and religions; ^a place which had been untouched by the jealousies and evil designs that permeated our own civilization; ^a land of brotherly love, ^{WITH} ~~and~~ a devoted spirit of co-operation. ^{out over the stretches of waste}

As I looked at our discovery, I wistfully imagined the Paradise this region must have been, ^a A world of unparalleled freedom with its motto engraved on every ^{massive building} door: "Live and Let Live." For it was easy to see from the decaying wreckage at our feet that this had once been a highly advanced planet: ^a A planet with towering structures and fantastic means of transportation; ^a A planet which through loyal teamwork had reached ~~an~~ matchless height of culture and ~~refinement~~; ^a A ~~truly amazing~~ land that settled any differences peacefully and with intelligence; ^{THE} instead of mockery and bloodshed our

2.

~~the~~ planet boasted ~~of~~. Yes, this Paradise ^{had been} was complete. No discriminations ^{oppose} of races, politics, or religion, no barriers to ~~be confronted~~, no ~~ever~~ bickering foes who might blow you to Kingdom Come at a moment's notice. And yet what had destroyed it? Well, no inside force. That was apparent. Prob-ably another aggressor planet.

Oh, and what was our discovery? Just a little scrap of paper, faded and yellowed by time. It had a few symbols on it, which Rem, ^{who was a master of dead languages} with the aid of the Translator apparatus, was able to ^{translate} decipher. ~~The message it had was what led us to our conclusions.~~ ^{ITS} And ^{it} the message? ^{like} A date on the top read "July 4, 1776." And although most of the characters were too dim to ^{SEE} find their meaning, ~~this is what~~ we pieced together: THIS MUCH!

9 " — *We hold these truths to be self-evident, that all men are created equal, that they are endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable Rights, that among these are Life, Liberty and the Pursuit of Happiness. ~~That to secure these rights, Governments are instituted among Men, deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed.~~

That was all. But it was enough.

Work Sheet 6

Vacationers' Dilemma

"I suppose this is Alabama," said Tra, looking about in disgust.

"For Griffin's sake, Tra, try to get it right! Remember your syllabification. That sign says Alabama." Solester grinned. "I know it looks a bit strange, but we'll get used to it."

"Oh we will, will we? Honestly, I can't imagine why we picked this decrepit, obsolete planet for our honeymoon. I mean, just because you're interested in primitive forms of life..."

"Come now, Tra. You know they've built up some kind of culture. In fact, some of their philosophies are almost decent."

"Hmph! Do you call this culture? Look at those 'pickers' working in the fields! ~~I mean~~ mean, real people! Not even synthetic! Griffin! And real flowers, and grass, and no moving sidewalks. We have to propel ourselves with no mechanical aid at all. I think it's absolutely sickening. Solester, these people are so backward. What can we possibly gain from a visit here? After all, no one vacations on - now what is the name of this place?"

sp ← "Earth. And try not to forget it. Don't make any snap judgements about it. After all, the people may be very friendly. Here, you'd better take your shots. The air is unbreathable. And remember to swallow those orange pills in that cup by the washstand."

Tra went into the bathroom, and began to hastily adjust the short black fringe at the top of her head. She almost smiled in vanity, catching a glimpse of herself in the mirror. No, two months of marriage certainly hadn't changed her a bit. Her skin was still a lustrous blue. She was rather tall, three feet taller than her husband, who was a petit seven human feet. However, Solester liked her the way she was. She reached for a disposable puff and polished the bald spot on her head. Not every Martian was lucky enough to have a bald spot when ~~they~~ ^{he} were so young. Well...one mustn't be vain.

"Coming, Tra?" Solester called.

"I'll be right out."

"Okay. I found a travel brochure lying around somewhere. It certainly plays up their culture. Listen to this - 'Land of equality, fun, and sun. Interesting cultural patterns, rituals the kiddies will love.' It's talking about this continent called America. That's where we are now."

2.

Tra grimaced. "Don't you think we're a little old for that ritual bit? Oh well - But a travel brochure. It must be centuries old. Why, people stopped vacationing here so long ago - "

"Yes dear, you already told me. Do you want to leave now?"

Walking through cottonfields, broken-down shacks, and endless rows of hopeless workers, Solester suddenly turned to Tra.

"Wait a moment. I've been thinking. You did press the destination city button marked Washington D.C., didn't you?"

"Well, Griffin! I don't know! I don't think I did. But what's the difference?"

"Plenty. Washington D.C. is the capitol of one of the most advanced countries on this planet, and Griffin knows what Alabama is!"

"Remember your syllabification, dear," Tra mimicked.

"Well, you know it could be in the United Fates, too. Alabama, I mean. I'm sure I pressed a button called United Fates."

"United States," Solester said absentmindedly. "Trust me never to let you get at the controls again. But the manual said the instructions were so simple even a child couldn't fail to follow them. However, it didn't mention a grown woman handling them!"

"Now Solester, you're just being mean., I did my best. You know, maybe Alabama is a fate or something. I mean a state. I read something about them in that travel brochure."

"Yes. Well, as soon as we look around, we'll leave. I'm beginning to have my fill of retarded planets, who are so torn by inner conflict that they can't advance peacefully!"

Tra shouted gleefully, "I told you so! Let's go to ^{VENUS} ~~MARS~~. Moka and her family are vacationing there and she says - "

"Alright, dear, not now. Here comes a bus. Now, do you have ~~your~~ Translavoice and your Money-meter? Griffin, get on!"

Tra began climbing into the bus, her flexible joints moving frantically to accommodate her. With relief, she crumpled into a front seat, Solester not far behind her. But instead of starting off, the driver ~~xxxxxx~~ approached them.

"Maybe we'll be taken to their leader or ruler or whatever it is," Tra whispered. Solester nodded and tuned up his Translavoice.

"I said, this here seats is reserved for white folks," the driver scowled. Tra and Solester looked at each other in dismay. Clearly they had not been expecting this.

"Colored folks to the back of the bus."

"Excuse me, sir," Solester ventured. "But you do not seem to understand. We are not colored. We are beautiful blue. However, ~~be~~ as that may...Allow me to introduce myself and my wife. We are visiting your illustrious planet - you know, 'Land of equality, fun, and sun.' - We have come from a far-away land and now we wish to be taken to your leader."

All right =
2 words

3.

A white lady seated behind them said audibly to her neighbor, "They sound like Communists."

"Solester said, "Thank you." He had never heard of a Communist.

The bus driver said, "They's Communist niggers. You can always tell. Now, listen here, buddy, don't try to put nothing over on me. We don't stand for them Freedom Rides around here. Get out! I don't want any troublemakers on my bus!"

"But this is the land of equality and equal opportunity. It says so in our brochure," Tra said timidly.

"Yeah, sure," the driver growled. "Now get!"

Tra and Solester, defeated, unwound and retreated. They hurriedly slithered down the back stairs.

Tra didn't say anything. Solester said, "Well. Yes. The idea! Hmph!" Then he said, "Let's find some food."

They walked into a place called Restaurant, but somehow the girl at the counter wouldn't serve them. This happened several times. Sometimes the owners got quite violent, and screamed something about "filthy, dumb, uneducated niggers!" No one seemed to realize they weren't "niggers," they were beautiful blue Martians, which is better any day than a royal red Martian, or a gorgeous green Martian, or a violent violet Martian. Once a colored person (his color was black - actually Tra preferred blue, but black was nice on the whole.) told them they could join a 'demonstration,' but Solester said they were both introverts and didn't much feel like it.

At last, hungry, abused, and mocked, (one little boy had pointed and laughed. His mother told him they were evaporated Negroes.) they wandered sadly back to the ship. Above the roar of the engines, Tra's voice came bubbling, "Well, don't worry about it, dear. I told you lower forms of life are so unreceptive. Now, it will all be dandy if we just go on to Venus. Griffin! I didn't tell you that Moka said that she had heard..."

But Solester wasn't listening. He was looking at a little globe that no one ever visited, called Earth, growing smaller and smaller and finally fading away from sight.

The point is clear. But do I detect a note of dissonance in your explanation that Tra and Solester, like the whites in Alabama, felt superior to ~~those~~ ^{those} of other colors? In other words, class distinction is universal??

~~A Practical Job~~

Four walls; a room. Two legs; a man. Yes, a man in a hueless room.

Sitting on a three-legged stool. Looking out of a fastened window.

Looking out at the moon and howling.

Mr. Benson ^{ie} Grieg, respectable businessman. Respected, but not liked. Admired, but not to be duplicated. An entrepreneur of the first order. A redoubtable man who lorded over a docile family. A right-minded man who possessed a membership to every club in the county. A stinker.

Too late to say whether it was desired to produce the effect it created. Too tardy, too dilatory to conjure up might be's and maybe's. To utter a word for or against the transpiration would be unpractical.

~~LAWRENCE SIMON~~
~~ENDERL~~

Two of Mr. Grieg's associates, Mr. Fielding and Thomas George Mann; detesting the man, loathing the man. --- Inviting him to dinner. Passing the bread, proffering more salad. --- And plotting. Scheming a conclusion to this estimable personage.

~~LAWRENCE SIMON~~
~~LAWRENCE~~ ~~ENDERL~~

So Mr. Fielding and Thomas George Mann showed it to him. Detached him from the dinner table and led him to a back room. --- And took it out of the box.

Oh, accursed! Damnable, confounded, foul, odious, and heinous! Oh, horrid, horrendous evil; ghastly grim and gruesomely macabre. Oh, fearful monstrosity out of a box!

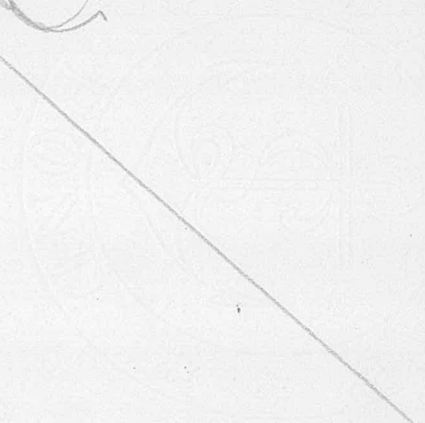
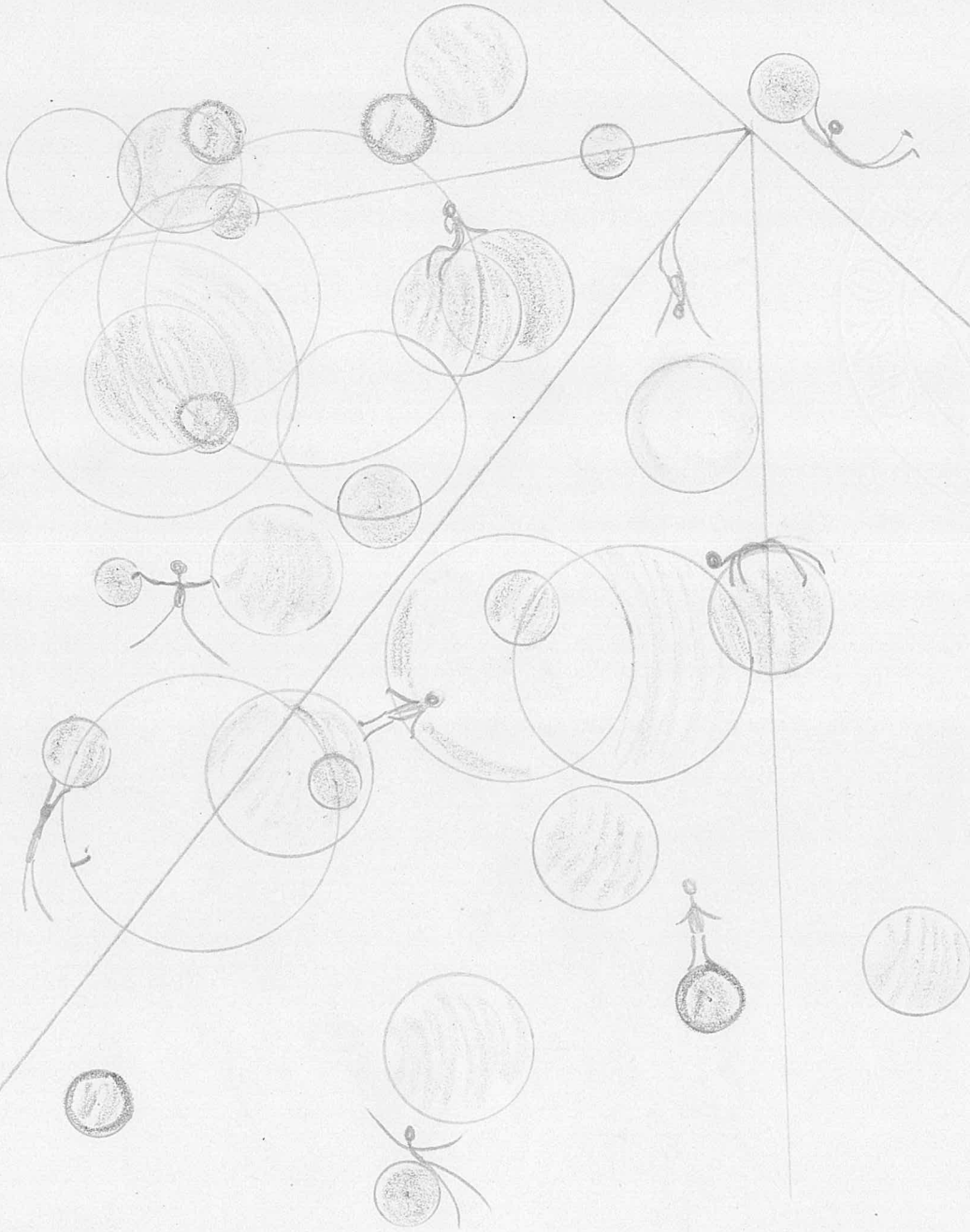
YES,

Four panels; a chamber. Two limbs; a soul. ^ A soul in a toneless chamber. Gazing out of a padlocked casement. Gazing out at a crescent and wailing.

To Gage

MAN

I



LIFE CONTINUES

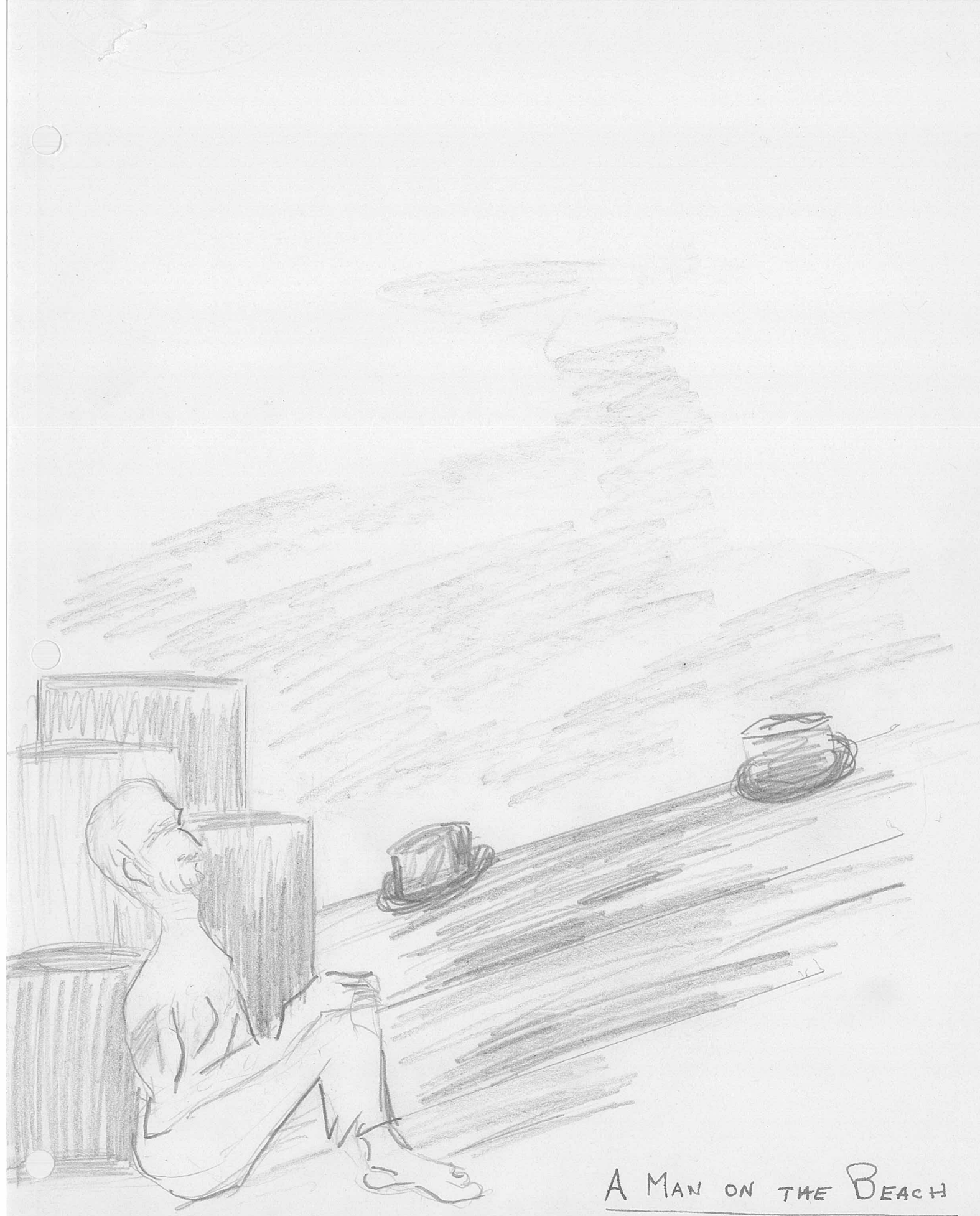


MODERN WOMAN





A SONG IN THE NIGHT IV



A MAN ON THE BEACH